THE PACIFIC

Pacific Theo Sem
Reading Room

A religious and family paper

Volume LIII. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 24, 1903 Number 52.

JESUS' BIRTH

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the Star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that Star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light
And we echo the song
That comes down thro' the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King!

—J. G. Holland.

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What we are in the heart, in spirit, in the inner life, we are really before God; and that, too, we shall ultimately become in actual character, in outward feature.—J. R. Miller.

A single bad habit in an otherwise faultless character is like an ink drop which soileth the pure white page.—Ballou.

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THE PACIFIC

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San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, December 24, 1903

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S FESTIVAL.

The Christmas season is ushered in once more with songs of mirth and joyous pealings of bells. The Child that once lay in the manger at Bethlehem holds the sceptre, and every one, great or small, in Christendom, owns his sway, with some sense, faint or clear, of his significance as God's best gift to man.

It is fitting that Christmas-tide should be tuneful and merry. The days which immediately precede Christmas Day, and those which follow it, are glad and happy days, because the influence of the Babe's advent is all about them. His coming was God's proclamation of the new era of peace and good-will. He began to be King while yet in his mother's arms. He gave to art its most charming conceptions; through artistic creations he is preached where the human voice cannot penetrate. Matured by the experience of sorrow, though he was in manhood's days, he carried the gentle, captivating temper of childhood with him to the last. It is not difficult to imagine him standing with beaming face amid a crowd of children gathered at Santa Claus' feet, and sharing their delight as they receive the gifts which are also tokens of the Heavenly Father's love.

To some it may seem a mockery to let the merry-making of Christmas week drown the cries of the dying year and dull our appreciation of the great world's wretchedness. For—

"In cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
The orphans moan and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
'Till the earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells be cheery."

Thus, Kingsley essayed to change the Christmas chime to a dirge, being himself in somber mood, and sensitive to the miseries which fill the cup of so many human lives. But, blotting out the stars does not relieve the blackness of night; and robbing the world of Christmas joy will not make heartaches less sore nor send a ray of light into the gloomy haunts of despair.

On the contrary, the world would be immeasurably darker without the blessed light of Christmas Day. Let this be eclipsed, and the reign of the Christ would be over.

But Christ is in the world to redeem it, and until redemption is completed, the bright and the dark phases of life must both show in warp and woof. Christ was a joy-bringer, and joy has its times and seasons and its inalienable rights. Undoubtedly, a certain measure of paganism is mingled with our Christmas festivities, but this will be eliminated as we grow more Christ-like and learn to substitute steadfast and motived service through all the days, for a little cheap, impulsive giving of trinkets one day in the year.

Let us hold fast to the Lord of the manger who is also Lord of all the earth. Let us strive to feel more keenly still the burdens and oppressions of our fellows who welter in the slough and cannot rise, but let us learn the lesson which Kingsley learned on Christmas Day from the "joyous clamor of the wild fowl on the mere," and from the voice within that cried—

"Do thou fulfill thy work, but as yon wild fowl do,
"Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it angels' singing."

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

Rev. C. R. Brooks.

For some reason man has never been willing to believe himself alone in the world. Neither years nor experience can destroy the impression of an Invisible Some One from whose presence we cannot escape, who guides the destinies of men and of nations. It is fair to suppose that so long as men believe that back of the song is the singer, back of the painting is the painter, back of the cathedral is the architect, they will continue to believe that back of all is the Infinite God—even though he remain unseen by mortal eyes.

But where does God live and how may eager souls find their way into his dwelling place?

The history of man is the history of an effort to find the answer to that question. All our services have been attempts to find the secret place of the Most High. When men search for truth in nature they are searching, though perhaps unconsciously, for the footsteps of the Almighty. All of our philosophers are endeavors to discover the Some One who gives unity to the human race, significance to human history, and nobility to the human soul, for we do not impart truth into nature. We discover its presence there and this eager and persistent search for truth is a search for God, for God is Truth.

All the bravery and heroism of the world, too—all this longing to be better than we are—is a part of the eager search for God for the Some One who is greater and wiser than we are.

For why should any one want to be better than he is? Why should he seek to overcome sin? Why should a guilty conscience make him uneasy? Why should he accept new standards of life and seek to reach them—why, save for the consciousness of the Invisible Some

One for whom our souls thirst as they thirst for no other.

All the religions of the world, too, are an expression, some of them exceedingly pathetic, of this never-ceasing search for God.

Now the message at the heart of Christmas is, we have found him for whom the world has been looking. He for whom men have been searching for in their philosophies and sciences and religions. He has been seeking men that they might know him and become like him. The great spirit whose might had been seen in the physical phenomena, but only dimly understood, whose presence had been felt in all human history, at length finds one life prepared for him and he comes to dwell with the babe of Bethlehem, the boy of Nazareth, the man of Galilee, the Christ of Calvary filling him so completely full of himself that there is no room left for self-seeking, only purity, truth and love.

Men seeing such a life have come to know where God may be found and what man may become.

Through one life of love the heart of infinite love is seen. Where is God? God can live in a human life. God waits to dwell in every life that we all may become the sons of God. When we see Jesus and walk in his spirit then we are in the immediate presence of God.

Oh, friends, we thirst for God. Busied with other interests we thirst for him. Christ has come into the world. Lift up your eyes and recognize in him the living water. There is no mistake. He will satisfy us. We need him. We must obey him."

This is the message of Christmas that it discovers to men the presence and the power of the eternal God, who lives among men, brooding over them and transforming them.

The Bystander.

The Congregational Club.

It was the occasion when the forefathers were talked about. It is wonderful how prolific this theme is. What oratory Plymouth Rock has produced, which, like a bit of radium, seems inexhaustible. The Bystander wishes to congratulate the committee upon the tasteful decorations of the room where the banquet was held, but would express his mind upon the temperature. Had the cabin of the Mayflower been as hot as the banquet hall of the California Hotel, our illustrious fathers would have probably perished on the sea. It is hard to talk even of Puritanism in air so heavily laden. Let us have more good, sweet, cool San Francisco air at our Congregational Club dinners. There is no enjoyment in being roasted.

Despite these conditions the banquet on Monday evening was a great success. The new President, Rev. Raymond Brooks, presided. Prof. John W. Buchham, late of Salem, Mass., made his bow to a San Francisco audience, and spoke on "The Pilgrim Father and the California Fathers." He made it plain that all the good men in California came from New England, and made some good points in an address that was well knit together.

A young lady, with the appropriate name of Beanstan, sang two solos, which were well received, after which the first vice-president, Dr. Meserve, of Plymouth church, felicitously presented Prof. John S MacIntosh of San Anselmo, who made a splendid speech on "The Puritans of Ulster."

The President announced that two religious leaders would probably address the club at the next meeting—Campbell Morgan and Lyman Abbott. The churches are to be congratulated upon the opportunity of hearing these two great preachers in the spring—an occasion which will be looked forward to with great expectations.

The Fountain of Life.

The Bystander has been reminded by the death of Herbert Spencer that men of his stamp have succeeded in making other men think. Perhaps this of itself is the chief glory of one's life. He who opens some door or key-hole through which we pass, or look into the miracles and marvels of the universe, places all men under obligations to him. The scientists who have provoked inquiry, and revealed the wonders of this wonderful world, deserve our lasting praise.

The Bystander, now and then, follows the scientific men in their explorations, and returns to the ordinary facts and forces of life with the conviction that "the half has never been told." The discovery of that bit of earth called radium is he revelation of a fountain of life, a point in which infinite energy finds expression. The particles thrown out of this mineral travel at a rate of 120,000 miles a second. Each atom is composed of 120,000 ions, and each atom is supposed to be a whole stellar system. The nature of each atom depends upon the number of ions which compose it. It may be oxygen or gold.

The old dream of the alchemist that one substance may be transmuted into another substance is realized. It is no longer a dream. The theory of the conservation of energy is being re-examined. The number of particles is not less than 7,200,000 a second. The condensation and application of these flying forces promise to revolutionize the theory and source of power. Astronomy has been reduced to chemistry, and chemistry has given us a new vision of God. Radium is revelation. It is the turning over another page in the Book of Life and the mind of man pauses—at the beginning of another chapter on infinite power. Science is leading us in the direction of the great first cause—God. The discovery of radium has a distinct religious significance, as well as a scientific clew to the mystery of the universe.

Edison says: "I have made some extensive experiments with the Roentgen ray and with radium, and have come to the conclusion that these new substances are not the sources of energy, but are rendered fluorescent by the action of some hitherto undetected ether vibration or ray." He holds that the origin of this force may be extra-planetary.

Questions About Evolution.

In his paper on evolution, read before the ministers' meeting, Monday morning, Dr. Pond afforded ample opportunity for profitable discussion. From his viewpoint his paper was able and suggestive, and voiced the sentiments of not a few. Ministers are divided into three classes regarding evolution—they who unreservedly accept the theory, they who unreservedly reject, and they who neither accept nor reject, but hold it in abeyance, finding temporary shelter on the safe side.

The scientific men of the world, without an exception, may be put down as accepting some form of evolution, and it is probable that most ministers who have given themselves to scienific study belong in the same class. The old carpenter theory of the universe has yielded to the more rational theory of theistic evolution. Many have gained a new standing ground for their be-

lief in God, and their grasp of the philosophy of history by this theory.

That the theory of evolution is open to discussion is quite apparent. So is the Trinity and the Bible theory of the future and a thousand other things. Darwin proved, with a wealth of argument, that species were evolved rather than created by fiat and his demonstrations revolutionized popular thought, as it touched science and religion. But he did not bar out God. He did not attempt to account for life, but traced its process. This process he called evolution.

Whatever may be our opinion upon these perplexing problems, the duty of every minister is to find out the plain facts of embryology and accept them in making his theology. It is the moral duty of every public teacher to acquaint himself with results of scientific inquiry. The reader of the excellent paper on Monday confessed that he had not read Darwin and did not possess any of his books. He was passing judgment upon a meal which he had not tasted. It was not fair to the cook and not fair to the meal, and hardly just to the good man who concluded that it was not to his liking.

"Darwinism," as it is defined by the Century Dictionary, "is in general the theory that all forms of living organisms, including man, have been derived or evolved by descent, with modification or variation from a few primitive forms of life or from one during the struggle for existence of individual organisms, which results, through natural selection, in the survival of those least exposed, by reason of their organization or situation, to destruction. It is not to be confounded with the general views of the development or evolution of the visible order of nature, which have been entertained by philosophers from the earliest times."

This is not a very dangerous looking theory. Darwin is only one contributor to our knowledge of God's way of doing things. Darwinism is not, strictly speaking, evolution. His "origin of species" is called the greatest book of the nineteenth century, because it made men think more than any other book.

The theologian and the scientist have both given accounts of how God does things. Both have said things which aren't quite true. But their accounts differ, which is correct? Both believe in a personal God. The theologian tries to account for life; the evolutionist does not. He simply tells its history. The theologian believes in two processes, natural and supernatural; the scientist in one, which Prof. Le Conte defines as "a continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces."

It is a matter of importance to every teacher of doctrine that we should know who is correct. Such a paper as Dr. Pond gave us on Monday has a tendency to stimulate inquiry, even if it does not lead to convincing conclusions.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

At the Feet of the Christ Child.

The little church in the Santa Clara county foothills, whose notes to the saints on the Coast have had a trace of solicitude, peals out a note of unrestrained thanksgiving which presages a fest, for the prince of evangelists has been among us and scored another victory. His very foot-fall on the pulpit stair had the music of silver dollars and shining gold. Jacob's well flowed again. Thirty-eight hundred years have not choked it. No Samarian sparrows missed what Aloha drank. Charles R. Brown's deep and satisfying draught did not lower it. If Brother Burgess tossed a pebble in it the ripples are stilled. Saratogans rejoiced in their draughts of yesterday. In twenty minutes the four hundred dollars necessary to secure the first land-holding of the missionary settlement was cheerfully pledged by responsible people and the congregation began the greetings of Christmas week on a high plane of justifiable enthusiasm. No doors were locked. No high pressure was necessary. "The love that constraineth" was the joyful motive. Guests who had never seen the blackboard used before or contributed to such a service were delighted. Our prayers were answered. And if our flowers and fruit, our personal thanks and the promise of a selected team of gentle horses during the next Blossom Festival are any reward to the genius and great heart, whose passion for aiding good causes on our Coast has grown masterful during thirty-one strenuous years, he has but to signify his liking and Pastor Merrill cannot ask in vain for him. The pledges of friends, which mature early in the year, are not discounted in any unpleasant sense. They are counted on. Very little pledging was done for others. Mayflowers sweet and sacrificial offering, made when she is full of plans for her own much-needed decorations and repairs, was gratefully chalked on the very top line. Here begins the promised rest for you, dear readers. But after the holidays watch for hopeful story of the Building Beautiful, which we hope will rise early for the use and refreshment of the heroes and heroines who are to make this the notable missionary century. All the tears and sacrifices of yesterday's struggle, all the Christian hope and humor which brightened it are gratefully laid at the feet of him who was the Christ-child in Bethlehem's manger. By a propitious Providence Mrs. Emily Brown Harkness, who was the first missionary to touch the settlement helpfully and receive benefits as well, was present with her offering of loving gratitude. Her grateful speech and hearty gift set the well of Jacob flowing again. What a royalty Jacob and his well-diggers received yesterday where the flowing well rivals the blossoms in our words and songs of rural delight and gratitude.

The Sorrows of Christians Sweeter than the Joys of the World.

When Dr. Wm. M. Taylor of the New York Tabernacle first spoke these words I did not believe them as now. But they tally with the Bible, from which the Bible-student mined the rich idea. Our friend, Col. S. F. Cooper, starts on the long journey to Grinnell, Iowa, to lay the body of his dear wife away under the snow. Warm hearts crowded the home in Campbell, whence but a few moments ago the funeral procession started to accompany the precious form to the railroad station. Four ministers could not speak all her praises. Oberlin will miss her, for she has been a generous supporter of her alma mater. Grinnell will reverently welcome her, for her home there was open and hospitable for many years, as this beautiful Campbell home has been. She was beloved and useful many years in Redlands. A dear neighbor just gone to heaven from Saratoga will welcome her. What a university heaven will be for the cultured and beautiful of earth! Such funerals cannot spoil Christmas, much less kill it. They only enrich it. For we do not romp and play with our little folk at Christmas to make giddy dancers of them in a vain world, but to get them in love with the Christ-child, who lights the clean, sweet homes of

earth with that same halo with which he lights up graves. So we are going to the feet of Christmas trees as if we were standing at Golgotha. If we drop there, where the little cherubs call Santa Claus but mean Christ, as we do we shall be as near heaven as if we went up from flaming pulpit or martyrs burning stake.

Christmas Greeting.

Good morning Phil. I hope your dogs have not died this year. My dog's noble sons comfort me. Good morning, dear little "shut-in." We'll miss you at the Christmas tree, but we'll talk of you and love you, and toast you in the wine of our choicest remembrance. We'll not need alcohol to stir our blood while your brave example moves us. Good morning, dear venerable "shut-in." You'll be let out some morning into the everlasting richness and beauty of our Father's house, and there it will be everlasting Christmas. We don't need images and altars, crucifixes and crown-thorns to remind us of Christ. Your forgiveness, your patience, your love, your kind words, the Christly look consecrated time has put upon your devoted face make us think of our Savior and help us follow you as you have followed him. Good morning, San Jose friend, who dost not read all The Pacific first and then scorn a humble acorn. Your afflictions have only enriched you Christmas and Christ will be among the lovely company who will gather at your home on his birthday. Aloha hasn't any "public." He's a few friends who sweeten life for him, and the linotype of the prosperous Pacific and the free rural delivery man help him get around to say to them "Merry Christmas."

Pencilled in a sunny window, with the martyr John Brown's picture over me and his patriotic kin about me, there is no sham in the greeting, No cold dough hand-shake. No third of one icy finger. No society make shift. But, like Bystander's of last week, a genuine, hearty **merry Christmas.** If Aloha gets first to the evergreen shore he'll watch the heavenly edition of The Pacific and rejoice that Bystander's musical notes ring clear for the divine Babe of Bethlehem. Merry Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS NIXIE.

A True Story.

By Homer M. Price.

The "Nixie" clerk—the one to whom goes all mail with insufficient or illegible addresses—took from his desk in a quiet corner of the post-office, a tiny, rumpled envelope.

"I never came across a "Nixie" that was addressed to any one I knew except this one. Last Christmas the letters began to pile in as usual, addressed to Santa Claus. I reckon I get a hundred every year. On Christmas eve I was working late, and was very sad and lonely here in my corner. There was a great rush at the other windows of my office, and the mails were loaded with Christmas gifts and greetings. A merry crowd rushed through the corridors, and laughter sounded all around, but a great shadow of sorrow rested over me, and my eyes burned as I bent over my work. Finally the messenger brought me the last few "Nixies" of the day, and laid them on my desk. I took up the first one mechanically. Attached to it was a note from Carrier No. 34:

"'This was given me by a little girl at 302 Walnut Street,'

"My blood tingled when I read it, for that was my own home. The envelope was a small one, addressed to 'Santa Claus, North Pole.' I recognized my own little girl's cramped writing. I thought I had a right to open it, as I was her Santa Claus, although she did not know it. This is the letter."

He carefully spread it out, and held it up so it could be read:

Dear Santa Claus:—We are very sad at our home this year, and I don't want you to bring me anything. Little Charlie, my brother, went up to heaven last week, and all I want you to do when you come to my house is to take his toys to him. I will leave them in the corner by the chimney—his hobby horse, and train, and everything. He will be lost up in heaven without them, specially his horse. He always enjoyed riding it so much. So, you just take them to him, and you needn't mind leaving anything for me. If you could give papa something that would make him stop crying all the time, it would be the best you could do for me. I heard him tell mamma that only eternity could cure him. Could you give him some of that? Be sure to take the things to Charlie, and I will be your good little girl. Marian.

In the silence that followed the reading of the letter, the "Nixie" clerk put the tiny envelope back in his desk. When he did speak, there was no sadness in his voice.

"Well, Santa Claus came and took the hobby-horse, and the train, and everything. If he did not take them to Charlie, he did the next best thing; he left them with a little fellow with a twisted leg at the Children's Hospital. Whether old Santa Claus had any 'eternity' to give away or not, I do not know; but I do know that a little child gave me some faith that answered just as well."

THE DEPUTATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Adams' Mission Station, Natal, South Africa, Sept, 8, 1903.

The Deputation has come and gone and now I will endeavor to keep my promise, made to a few of my friends, to tell them all about it.

It is not an easy matter to cull the most interesting facts, for it was all full of interest from beginning to end, as I wrote to a friend after their visit to Adams, if they had searched America over they could not have found more delightful people to send out as a Deputation, than Dr. E. E. Strong and Dr. Sydney Strong and his wife. Dr. Sydney Strong was very ill on the way out. His life was despaired of at one time, after he left England. When he landed in Durban, Dr. McCord took him in hand and brought him to his home at Adams, where he remained until he was on his way to complete recovery.

Dr. E. E. Strong is seventy-two, but hale and hearty, and as active as many a younger man. We felt that truly a man of God had been in our home when he was with us.

The Deputation met a committee of our native churches and as many missionaries as could go under the old umtombi tree, where Dr. Adams began his work so many years ago. I was not there, but those who were reported a most interesting time. This tree is very large, with wide-spreading branches.

A few days after landing they came out to Adams. They were met several miles out from here by children from the station and out-station school, each carrying a banner, with the name of their school in large letters. They sang beautifully a song of greeting and followed on after the carriages, which were drawn by oxen), the

Deputation's first but not last experience of riding in this way), singing as they walked along. Just before reaching the church, they passed under an arch with this inscription over it in Zulu: "Messengers of the Lord, We Welcome You." The missionaries of this station met the Deputation at the church, and going in had a short service. Matyobana, one of our oldest members, gave the greeting for the church, and Dr. F E. Strong responded beautifully. The choir sang, and after a prayer the meeting was dismissed. We all went to Jubilee hall for dinner. Now, wouldn't you like to know what we had? Perhaps you will echo Dr. Sydney Strong's words, spoken in fun: "I think you missionaries live altogether too well." First, we had soup. Your humble servant made that. Then came the chicken pie made by Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Le Roy, which was very nice, indeed; also sweet potatoes, rice and corn on the cob. The last was a great treat to the Deputation. Then came pine apple, followed by a most delicious fruit, amatunzulu, and cake with tea. This having been our first meal together was very pleasant and helped us to get acquainted more quickly. The days that were spent here were all too few and of necessity were crowded with work. One day for Jubilee hall, one for medical department and theological seminary, a part of a day to visit an out-station, and a part of another day was spent in going to a heathen wedding. When Dr. E. E. Strong turned to come away he said to Mr. Sydney Strong: "I suppose if you live to be a hundred years old, you will never see anything like this again." She said: "I suppose I never shall." Then the grand old man said, with great emphasis: "I hope you never will." Young men and young women, their costumes consisting largely of bead work and feathers, the varied and fantastic styles in hair-dressing on the part of women, old and young, the weird music and strange dancing made a picture never to be forgotten. It was all the sadder because it was within a few miles of the station church. It showed the Deputation plainer than any words could have done the great work that still remains to be done here in Natal. As I looked at those young girls I said to myself, this is what our Ireland Home girls left to come to us and this is what they returned to. No wonder we hear of this one and that one going back to their old customs. Can you expect a babe to stand up against the floodtide? Dr. Sydney Strong was not sufficiently recovered to go with Dr. E. E. Strong on his tour around the stations at the northern end of the mission, so he was here at the closing exercises of the theological seminary. He seemed to enjoy it much. He was invited with us to the little feast which the students always have together at the close of the school. We went right from the church to the place where the feast was spread. Two tables had been made ready. At one we were seated. Dr. Sydney Strong, Mr. Kilbon, who taught in the seminary for many years and who is now on furlough in America, Mr. and Mrs Wilcox, Mrs. McCord (Dr. McCord was away), Mr. Dorward and myself. First, we had chicken with sweet potatoes, rice, beans, etc., then rice pudding, tart or pie, cake and tea. They did it all themselves and we thought they did it well.

When we had finished, Mr. Kilbon was asked to say a few words, which he did in his usual acceptable way. One of the men, Nijadu Shabane, now in Gazaland, responded. He thanked us for coming and then in a few words he told what Mr. Kilbon had been to them and how sorry they were that he must leave them. He said his prayer was that he might manifest the same spirit of humility, when he went among the people of Gazaland, which the missionaries manifested in their willingness to live amongst the Zulus. Nijada spent a number of years in Gazaland and then came down to Natal to take a course in the theological seminary. He felt the need of a better knowledge of the Scriptures in order to lift those people out of their heathenism into the light of the gospel of Christ. He and his associate, Henry Urbesa, are among our choicest men. These two and one other graduated this term and Dr. Strong was struck with their addresses, at the graduating exercises. They were so humble, and the thought uppermost in their mind seemed to be, service for Christ, wherever he might choose to send them.

Dr. E. E. Strong returned to Adams after his trip on the north coast and met the delegates for the native annual meeting which would be held later at Umzumbe. Two or three delegates are chosen from each church all over our mission. They meet before the annual meeting, so as to do up all business possible, and talk over plans for the annual meeting. Then the three or four days of the meeting can be given up almost wholly to spiritual things. The subject of the Reserve lands came up at the delegates' meeting. These Reserve lands, given in trust to our board so long ago, have long been coveted by the colonists, and the government has been trying to find a way to take them with as little friction as possible.

Our trustees were called to Muritzburg to help in drawing up a bill to that end, to be presented in Parliament at its coming session. These Reserve lands have been a heavy burden and a source of endless trouble to the missionary. This bill takes them out of the hands of our trustees, and the government promises to hold and care for them for the natives,—how long, remains to be seen.

After this meeting, the deputation went to Umzumbe, which involved a three hours' ride after oxen to the railway station, then several hours' ride by train, and after that another ride in a carriage drawn by oxen. The deputation seem to have enjoyed this meeting to the full. They saw the people at their best. There were five hundred or more who went from the different stations. The church was always packed, and a large overflow meeting under the trees was the order of each day.

Both Dr. Strong and Mrs. Strong had opportunities of speaking, and they read them well. Then came the Sunday in town, when the deputation occupied some of the Durban pulpits, and lastly our own annual meeting at Quanda. I wish I could show you a little how that meeting was conducted.

I was proud of our missionaries. There were a number of papers read, representing the different departments of work. Five minutes were given to each member of the mission to speak on the papers, as they were given. It seemed to me that the deputation got a good idea of the subjects presented. I heard Dr. E. E. Strong say: "I think some one will be more interested in the work in Africa when I go home." He realized, as never before, that in order to see things as the missionaries on the field did, one must see the work for themselves. We feel sure that they will do all they can toward interesting the people at home and bringing to their knowledge facts which will stimulate to more prayers and larger gifts. But we realize also that unless the churches respond we must still go on in the old way, burdened and handicapped, and the larger service which we long to render, still our

of reach. We have this satisfaction, however, that we know the deputation will do what they can both for Natal and Gazaland. The night they sailed for Gazaland, the mayor gave a reception to the deputation in the town hall in Durban. Many flattering things were said by the mayor and others in high position, and the deputation had an opportunity to plead for our people.

* * *

Their sermons, their talks and counsels will stay by us for many a long day. There was much prayer before they came, that they might bring a much-needed blessing to missionary and people, and we know that prayer has been answered.

We are usually well. Florence is developing in a way, which is very gratifying and is truly a little sunbeam in our home. Mr. Kilbon is in America. We miss him very much. His beautiful Christ-like spirit is very helpful.

We have the great pleasure to have in our home for a few months, Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Ransom's mother, who was a missionary in Syria for many years.

We are soon to lose the McCords, as neighbors. They go to town to live. Mr. and Mrs. Ransom will occupy the doctor's house.

With loving greetings from us all,

Sincerely yours,

Florence Dodward.

INDIVIDUAL BIBLE STUDY.

Emma Younglove.

In the early days of New England men and women gathered for worship in bare, unsightly meeting houses. There they sat for long hours, often without needed fires, listening to sermons we should deem unspeakably tedious. Yet from those meager surroundings adoration and prayer ascended to God, souls were born into the kingdom, lives of heroic type were moulded. But the Creator has filled the world with changing beauty. The majestic mountain, the sublime ocean, the radiant heavens, the delicate blossom,—each has an angel's office to draw us Godward. And we now think we render to our heavenly Father more complete service by making our churches attractive, adorning them with flowers and raising our voices in noble anthems of praise.

When God made known his will to man in written revelation he expressed that in beautiful literary form There is no sublimer poetry than that of the Bible, there is no story with more exquisite charm. And we are fast learning to honor the One who has given us the Book by study and appreciation of the beauty in which it is clothed.

Professor Gayley of our State University gave a lecture last autumn upon "The Bible"—the first of a series of lectures upon "The Great Books of the World." The lecture was sent by a student in typewritten copies to various literary societies in the State. One little reading circle of young ladies in the town where the writer lives, secured a copy and were so much interested that they spent three weeks upon the study of three books to which the lecture directed special attention,—Esther, a historical epic, and the idyls of Solomon's Song and Ruth. This is a secular reading circle.

Very enlightening upon some of the minor prophets is a series of articles published in the "Outlook" about three years ago by Lyman Abbott. They are literary in treatment, giving the theme of the book and the manner of the development of the thought.

Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible," too, is helpful, especially in the treatment of some of the Psalms. The marking in one's Bible of the divisions of the verse, the movements, the refrains, in certain Psalms, makes them much richer in meaning.

Another author who is helpful to an understanding of the Bible from a literary standpoint is Matthew Arnold with his comprehensive view of what we owe to Greek culture on the one hand and Hebrew religious conceptions on the other.

Hamilton Mabie in "Short Studies in Literature" has a few suggestive paragraphs on the treatment of nature in Hebrew sacred poetry. The Hebrew poets regard nature, he says, as very near to God. In the contemplation of her most sublime manifestations they pause but an instant, for she leads them into the presence of Jehovah. To them nature is but the garment of Deity. This thought of the nearness of nature to God finds illustration in the impressive picture of the universe given in the 104th Psalm:

Who covereth thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers,
His ministers a flaming fire;
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That should not be moved forever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;
They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

* * * * * *

He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forests do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening.

* * * * * *

These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayst give them their meat in due season.

Professor Gayley of the State University once made the statement that the greatest hindrance they had to meet in the English department of the University was ignorance of the English Bible.

In Germany the public schools devote four or five hours per week below high-school grade and two hours per week in the gymnasium, which correspond to our high school, to acquaintance with the Bible—what may be termed study of it on the knowledge side. In England, also, forty minutes a day are devoted to such study in the Board schools, while in the denominational schools much more time is similarly expended. Those who are educated in England and Germany are much better informed in regard to the contents of the Bible than are our American youth.

A knowledge of the geography of Biblical lands and of Orientalisms throws valuable side light on

the meaning of the Book. The large amount of literature published in connection with the International Sunday-school Lessons is bringing such knowledge within reach of all, constantly, and if it is fragmentary in form, it is at least easy to become acquainted with. Needham suggested that the Bible be made the center of the library and other books be purchased, as they will contribute to the study and appreciation of this one Book.

Many verses and short passages are so filled with meaning, condensed into brief space so much of the Bible truth, that Luther called them "Little Bibles." It is worth while to commit to memory such passages and texts. They are wealth stored by for varied use in our own experience and that of others.

Mr. Moody says, "When I was a boy, I used, among other things, to have to hoe turnips on a farm, and I used to hoe them so badly, to get over so much ground, that at night I had to put down a stick in the ground so as to know next morning where I had left off. That was in the same fashion as running through so many chapters a day. * * *

I find some people now and then who boast that they have read the Bible through in so many months. Others read the Bible chapter by chapter, and get through it in a year; but I think it would be almost better to spend a year over one chapter."

Notwithstanding this strong testimony the writer values highly the knowledge of the Bible as a whole which came from simply reading the Book through. And if one read, not perfunctorily just to get over the ground, but reverently, with open and teachable spirit, eager to know what the Bible says, there is great gain in once at least reading the Book through in order.

Some have enjoyed and found profitable a reading of the Book in chronological order. Certainly a harmony of the Gospels is very helpful to a clear understanding of our Savior's life on earth.

But while a literary study of the Bible is valuable and we need a knowledge of the contents of the Book and an intellectual understanding of what it says, these studies should be subordinate to more spiritual study. Of such it has been truly said, "Diamonds alone cut diamonds. The best commentary on the Bible is the Bible itself."

Along this line several persons have furnished suggestions. One said, "The most helpful thing I ever found was the daily readings of the Christian Endeavor World." Another has found most help in home department Sunday-school work, especially enjoying the "seek further" questions. A third replies, "In the study of the Sunday-school lessons, the Bible readings in connection with them, and the consideration of the questions "When? Where? What?"

One made a study by books. He first by reading and study of the book as a whole determined the theme. Then he took chapter by chapter, studying until he decided upon its leading thought. Then he committed to memory the verse which seemed most completely typical. In this way he gained such knowledge of the Bible that, as one chapter and another was mentioned, his memory readily responded with a verse which typified to him the chapter.

Study by books is a favorite method with many persons, and admits of great variety in detail. First may well come reading the book at one sitting,—a person gets an impression of a book as a whole in that way which can be obtained in no other,—and when for weeks the thought is concentrated upon one book and it is reread again and again a lasting familiarity is gained.

One friends says tha he finds a topical study the most fruitful. This was Mr. Moody's method. Sometimes he based it upon the Bible as a whole, sometimes upon a book or a chapter. I quote a number of his striking aphoristic suggestions. "If you take Genesis, it is the seed-plant of the whole Bible; it tells us of life, death, and resurrection; it involves all the rest of the Bible. Or take just one word that runs through a book. Some time ago I was wonderfully blessed by taking the seven blessings of Revelation." Again he says, "You may take the eight overcomes of Revelation, and you will get wonderfully blessed with them." And again, "I took up that word 'love,' and I don't know how many weeks I spent in studying the passages in which it occurs, till at last I could not help loving people. I had been feeding so long on love that I was anxious to do everybody good that I came in contact with. Take up grace; take up faith; take up assurance; the promises of God for a month; a month on prayer, then hope."

Once more, "A brother in the Lord gave me some key-notes recently. He said Peter wrote about hope. The key-note of Paul's writing appeared to be faith, and John's theme was love. 'Faith, hope and charity'; thes were the three characteristics of the three men—the keynote to the whole of their teachings." "Then, again, I have been greatly blessed by going through the 'believings' of John. As I said before, he wrote his gospel that we might believe. All through it is 'believe, believe, believe.' "

"The Foreshadowings of the Christ" are very attractive studies. They are by President Harper of the University of Chicago, and are published by "The American Institute of Sacred Literature," Hyde Park, Chicago. The purpose of the course may be inferred from President Harper's words: "It is the chief object of all Christian work to carry gospel truth to those that are out of Christ. It should be the aim of the Bible student so to master its contents as to make it of the greatest value to himself, and himself the most efficient worker possible in advancing the cause of divine truth in the world." He calls attention to three great features of the Bible containing lessons for the present age:

The life of Christ as revealed in the gospels.

Messianic prophecy.

The lives of men with their unparalleled successes and failures, as they went on with a sense of an overruling Providence.

The studies provide for daily readings for nine months from Genesis to Malachi, upon the theme "The Foreshadowings of the Christ." Membership in the course costs fifty cents and entitles to list of daily readings, directions for study, and a monthly set of questions to answer. The sending in of the nine sets of answers entitles a member to a certificate. It has the appearance of a very valuable course.

A few years ago a group of four friends made a study each of one of the gospels to find how the number of promises compare with the number of warnings, and all were surprised at the result. In each of the four gospels the promises and the warnings are nearly equal in number. We hear much of the promises of God and little of the warnings. Are we forgetting one-half of the gospel message?

One of the most fruitful studies which the writer has ever made was a study of the gospel of Matthew, suggested by a statement in Bradford's "The Age of Faith"

that "in the New Testament the name Father is applied to Deity (chiefly by Jesus) two hundred and fifty-six times. No other name has such frequent use." The study of when Jesus said, "My Father," and when he said, "Your Father," proved full of interest. It seemed very impressive testimony to the complete humanity of the God-man that his use of the expression, "My Father," became so frequent in those last trying days on earth. It is as if he felt the lack of adequate human sympathy and turned with increasing yearning toward his Heavenly Father. It gives one, too, a sense of the universal fatherhood of God to note that Jesus said, "Your Father," or "Thy Father" twice to "the twelve," once to "the disciples," once to "the multitude and the disciples," fifteen times to "the multitude." Nothing else ever so brought home a sense of the universal brotherhood of man as this testimony to the truth of the one Father over all.

Interest attaches to the Bibles of great men. (Abridged from an article in The Congregationalist.) We are told of Mr. Beecher's that "this morocco-bound book of portable size was Mr. Beecher's companion for more than half a century in study and pastoral work." There are few marginal notes but many markings to aid the eye in catching quickly the passage.

Edward Everett Hale's Bible is interleaved and annotated with the purpose of the epistles, summaries of their argument, quotations, etc. The book shows signs of long use.

Spurgeon's daily Bible had these insertions, "The lamp of my study. 1858." "The light is as bright as ever. 1861." "O, that mine eyes were more opened! 1864." "Being worn to pieces, rebound. The lantern mended and the light as joyous to mine eyes as ever. 1870."

Mrs. Gulick, missionary at San Sebastian, Spain, has a Bible marked with a multitude of cross references and notes, chiefly bearing upon spiritual worship, idolatry and the practical duties of a Christian life. It is preeminently a missionary Bible.

Phillips Brooks was a lover of men and to him the uses men made of the Word were of deep interest, and one hundred and thirteen of the Psalms in his Bible are annotated from his reading, thus: Erasmus begins his letter to Luther before the Council at Worms: "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble!" Maurice of Saxony, after his stormy life lies dying with the words of the Shepherd Psalm upon his lips. We hear the Chaplain reading the 35th Psalm: "Strive, thou, O Lord, with them that strive with me; fight thou against them that fight against me" at the opening of the Continental Congress. David Livingstone, aged nine, repeated the 119th Psalm to win the prize of his first Bible. John Wesley, preaching on Rose Green in a storm of thunder and lightning, takes for his text, "The God of glory thundereth." This Bible is like a gallery of great historic pictures.

The last of Mr. Moody's many Bibles is characteristically annotated, showing on every page his love of alliterative assonance, of striking aphorisms, of crisp parallels. On the title page may be seen, "The New Testament is enfolded in the Old, the Old Testament is unfolded in the New," and lower down, "The Law is the Gospel foreshadowed, the Gospel is the Law fulfilled."

These little glimpses within the covers of noted Bible students suggest great variety of method. In the words of another: "To handle these books is to be brought into almost personal touch with the leaders of thought who owned and used them. Here is diversity of gifts but the same spirit, variety of method but the same good news. They studied the Bible with care and reverence, and it filled the central shrine of their hearts."

Ventura, Cal.

THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND SONG.

On the wall behind the editor's table, and placed there by a loving hand, hangs a beautiful devotional calendar for 1893. Its first page motto is: "My Times Are Wholly in Thy Hand." Its verse for January is: "My Heart Shall Rejoice in Thy Salvation." These familiar passages had been read often, if not daily, through each month, but did not awaken any perceptible new interest or emotion. But when we turned the leaf for March and then saw the little spring bird perched upon a branchlet budding out into flowers, and singing his song of praise, and when we read beneath the flowers the words for March, "The Lord is My Strength and Song," the beauty of the line and the force of its truth were seen and felt as never before.

Outside of our window it was cold and stormy, and no signs of spring time. Yet here before us were the flowers, and the birds, and the words of Israel's great leader and eminent type of Jesus: "The Lord is My Strength and Song."

We read and pondered, while the soul cried out: Is this for ME? May I say the LORD is MY strength; the LORD is MY song? Why not? Did not Jesus die for ME? Is not this precious One MY Savior? May not even the doubting disciple say: "MY Lord and MY God?" Therefore, O my soul, be joyful and sing this song of Moses, the servant of God, even on this side of the Jasper walls. This outward man is growing weary and faint, but the LORD is my strength. The battles of life against the powers of darkness and the armies of the aliens are too great to be fought by a timid and feeble soldier of the Cross; but the LORD is my strength. Life's journey is lengthening, and the traveler is growing feeble and knows not how he can reach the end; but my soul says: "The LORD is my strength." And as I press forward in the journey, or try to do the work of the day ere the shadows lengthen too hastily, or endeavor to fight the good fight of faith, and my soul desponds and my heart grows sad and I am ready to sit down to weep, the spirit bids me to look up, and I see the golden words: "The LORD is My Song." Even in the dark night of sorrow, when alone in my weeping for sins that "are more than the hairs of my head," the spirit bids me to listen to the words, "Thy Sins are Forgiven Thee," and to be joyful in God. Then I read my golden text for March and repeat: "The LORD is My Song;" and, again, before I close my eyes in sleep, I sing praises to Him "who giveth songs in the night;" and my tears are wiped away by an unseen hand, as I sing in joy such as only the Comforter can give: "The LORD is My Strength and Song; He also is Become My Salvation."

N. R. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED.

Employment as pastor supply in Congregational church until the Pacific Seminary opens in August, 1904; highest recommendations given. Apply to the undersigned. W. Robert Coventry,
Pastor Supply First Congregational Church, Whatcom Washington.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

The Boyhood of Jesus.—Luke ii: 40-52.

Lesson I. Jan. 3, 1904.

The only incident in the thirty years of the life of so remarkable a person as Jesus, evokes a wish that the evangelist who has given us the most detail about the nativity, had not ceased his investigation until more of that long thirty-year period had become a part of the gospel history. It also cautions against any imaginative attempt at reproducing the boyhood and young manhood of Jesus, for not only is it impossible to construct unwritten history accurately, but the task of reproducing the early life of one whom we consider divine, lies outside of the normal work of our minds. The divine ought, if we follow our inclination, to far transcend the human, and though we may not now fall into the repulsive errors of those who wrote the apocryphal gospels of the childhood of Jesus, we are quite as likely to fall into extravagances that may be equally wide of the mark.

Thus, in a recent work by an eminent evangelist, the physical perfection of Jesus is dwelt upon and this deduction drawn: "It follows that every piece of work that Jesus did in physical strength under the control of spiritual intelligence was perfect work, and this because he perfectly understood his work, was perfectly able to do it, and rendered it in the perfect love of his heart to God.... Think for a moment of the wonderful skill with which he would carry out his work. His knowledge of nature was such that he knew exactly the best wood to use for any given piece of work; and in the tree lying before him, he read all the story of its growth, and knew the precision of its method, and so understood just how to cut it so as not to spoil it in the process. He knew, moreover, how to join it, so that in the joint the strength of each part should minister to the new strength of union.... Remember, that Jesus of Nazareth was not developed upon one side only, but was perfect in his understanding of all the methods of God in creation. See, then, how his work would be most perfect. Every piece of carpentry passing from his shop, if men had but been able to appreciate it, thrilled with the energy of perfect manhood."

Such a modern attempt to construct the life of Jesus is quite as much beyond the mark as were the early attempts resulting in the apocryphal gospels. The Scripture has nothing to say of such a character, and it is much to be doubted whether we can imagine such things to have been consonant with the facts. The one transcendent fact in which all of our mystery lies enfolded is the limitation which our Lord's human nature placed upon the divine. We are at the greatest possible disadvantage in trying to imagine how a pre-existing spirit would behave in a physical frame, for we have never had any experience to found our conclusions upon. It is undeniable, that what the scripture, in its brief references to the growing period of Christ's life, desires to impress, is the pefectly natural, and normal development of the boy Jesus. The neighbors recognized nothing extraordinary in this boy, nor do his immediate family appear to have considered him particularly remarkable. Leaving out, therefore, any extravagant notions, there are some things we may legitimately attribute to this period of our Lord's life.

1. A Good Home Life.

We who have enjoyed the blessings of home, due in the greatest measure to the gospel of Jesus, can scarcely appreciate the fact that only among the Jews was there at that time anything like an approach to what we know as home.

Here we see one of those preparations which God had been making in these centuries of Jewish life for the advent of His Son. It is beyond our province to picture that home life, but scholars in our Sunday-schools ought to become acquainted with it to understand how impossible it would have been for a character like Jesus to have come from among the Gentiles.

Read Dr. Edersheim's "Sketches of Jewish Social Life" and Stapfer's "In Palestine in the Time of Christ," or some parts of Ben Hur, to get an idea of a Jewish home in contrast to family life among the Gentiles. To this must be added that Joseph and Mary were of that class whose simple habits and strong religious tendencies would make them conduct their home according to the highest ideal that they were acquainted with. The strong and much-needed application can easily be drawn for the scholars on the all-moulding effect of a good home.

2. A Good Education.

Every Jewish child was sent to school at five or six years of age, and great pains was taken with his education.

A good sketch of school life is found in Dr. Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus," Book 2, chap. 9. That the boy Jesus used this opportunity to advantage is evident from verses 40 and 52 of our lesson, and later, when the astonished Jesus, at Jerusalem, said: "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned."—John vii: 15.

Here is one place that, without extravagance, we may say there was aptitude on the part of Jesus. The action and reaction of the mental faculties on the spirit is one of the present day studies in psychology, and Prof. James, or Prof. Starbuck, will furnish abundant illustration and thought on this point. The outer world presses in on all alike, but is not received by all alike. The keen mind and alert brain transmits more than mere knowledge to the spirit. These are the elements which produce joy, pleasure, inspiration, a peacefulness through satisfaction, and a hundred other things. The emphasis put on environment and its effects is but another way of saying that the spirit is educated by the thousand influences flowing in through sense perception. Read our Lord's parables, and search in his sayings for the analogies; the impression will be strong that his mind absorbed readily, and his spirit was affected by flowers, seeds, mountains, every-day common places, which became uncommon in the use to which he put them.

A Religious Training.

It is significant that among the Jews even the ordinary school instruction was largely religious, the Old Testament being the only text book until the child was ten years old. Besides this, there was specific religious training at home, details of which, for the sake of present day imitation by parents, would be a splendid study for the Bible class. (See Edersheim's "Life of Jesus.")

We may only pause to lay stress on the paramount fact that the spirit has most to do with this kind of

work. Knowledge alone is not adequate to explain the workings of the spirit. Here we approach the mystery of our being. The aptitude as well as the power of the spirit are inherent qualities. The observant educator will declare the marvel of human life to be that varying aptitude for good or evil, manifesting itself in the young child;—its mystery, that inexplicable tendency of one to revel in good, of another to delight in that which is, to put it mildly, "off color." The greatest exhibition in the world is that force of spirit which expends itself in good till we have a Paul, or in evil till we see a hero. Here we come upon the peculiarity of the boy Jesus. The aptitude for religious and spiritual things is by no means uncommon in our experiences; we all know of children who have it from infancy. Jesus had it in a great degree. We can say this unhesitatingly, from the incident at his first visit to the temple. And in this aptitude we can dimly discern the struggling into human consciousness of that divine element which, in its complete development, makes it possible for us to declare that he was the Son of God—nay, makes it impossible for us to deny that he was the Divine, the only-begotten Son. And, to turn this about, it is necessary to hold tenaciously to the fact that the religious training in school and at home was the opportunity and the channel through which Christ's spirit could develop strongly and rapidly. Once again we come upon the important fact of the necessity of the Jewish religious life recorded in Scripture and expressed in the great religious worthies as a preparation for the advent of Jesus. Just as those with aptitude for art find a power in Rubens, Titian, Raphael, drawing the latent abilities out of their souls; just as those with aptitude for music discover a magnet in Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, which lays hold of those musical elements within them and fairly drags them forth, fashioning them, strengthening them, sending them on towards perfection; so did Jesus find faith, and love, and communion with God, and other spiritual qualities in Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, drawing out these same qualities from him—qualities which in him came finally to perfectness, and remain till the present as the beautiful completeness of a spirit, a transcendent ideal to lay hold of us and lift us toward our possible destiny.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

January 3d.

Topic—"The Kind of Growth I Need in 1904."—Eph. iv: 11-16.

When Endeavorers come to the study of this topic, the year nineteen hundred and three will have passed into history, and another have appeared above the horizon of time. How short the time since the last New Year! The longer we live the briefer seems the successive stages of our lives. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle; more rapid than a swallow's flight; like a fast stream flowing toward the ocean becoming more accelerate each mile of its course—such is our fleeting life.

The Protestant churches of Hungary sing each New Year's day the ninetieth psalm. Could any words better express the feelings of the heart? What thought is more suited to the sober mind? Who has been man's dwelling place in all generations, but the Lord? Who, in the midst of the years, sayest: "Return, ye children of men!" Is not a thousand years in his sight but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night? The years are to him like a flood, a sleep, —like grass that groweth in the morning and in the evening is cut down. How like a "tale that is told," are our years?

What better injunction for men amid the passing years than "to teach us to number our years that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

* * *

The New Year sobers us and bids us review without heat the twelve months just passed. How have we employed them? How improved them? Are we "forward a year ago?" How much have we grown? Last New Year we recorded noble resolutions at a Watch-night Service, or in the quiet of our own apartments. Have we carried out those resolutions, or have we broken them? Alas, how often we have broken them!

Yet, the man who succeeds is not the one who never falls; but the one who gets up again every time he falls, so we will not be discouraged, if we have not kept every resolution, if only we can be sure that during the year we have surely continued to try. Our growth in moral height and in spiritual character is not altogether measured by what we have achieved, what we have desired to be and achieved, yet not attained, must also be counted in. God values our aspirations after holiness, even though they are not fully realized and our longings after righteousness. So, while none will be satisfied with resolutions that have not been realized, none will need to be discouraged. The old year, with its gains and losses, its hopes and fears, its anticipations and regrets, is gone. It can never be re-called, and the record of its experiences are written in God's book, and we must some day face it before the throne.

* * *

We shall always need to grow, and the year just opening is no exception. How shall we grow? The apostle sets before us the Divine ideal—"a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The ideal is to "grow up into him in all things." We ought, therefore, to grow this year into every grace and virtue that is Christ-like, into every principle and practice that he taught and exemplified, into every high ideal that he kept constantly before him, into every noble sentiment he cherished, and every lofty purpose he espoused. We ought to grow into the habit of saying: "For me to live is Christ."

We ought to grow into his devotional habits, which were of the most constant and persistent character. For him "to pray without ceasing was a life practice. He talked with his Father daily, as though they stood face to face; he communed with him; he confided in him, interceded with him, besought him. God was always in his thoughts, and no step was taken without God's counsel.

The Master had his "Quiet Hours" and mountain-top vigils, and from his frequent quotings, we know he was much in meditation upon the written law of God. He was a reverend student of the "Oldest Testament"—also the open book of nature—and many a treasure did he glean from her choice mines.

* * *

The Master's habits of toil were ideal, and we should grow into them. He was about his Father's business ever. His Father worked hitherto, and he worked.

Idleness was a word the Master never knew. Nor was he ever too busy about his own affairs to do good to others.

The time of no other was ever more constantly occupied, and yet he always had time left when there was a call. By day and by night he labored to save and help men. He counted not his life dear unto himself, if only he might spend it freely for those in need. There are many busy disciples of his in the world, but it is feared there are also many idle ones,—many who have nothing to do but spend their money and enjoy life, and yet have no time for the simplest Christian task. There are many churches which are suffering for the want of helpers, Sabbath-schools languishing for the want of teachers, and benevolent societies halting because of the want of workers everywhere, and yet scores and hundreds have no room for such activities in their lives.

There is room to grow in this respect with a great many people—perhaps, in some degree, all of us can. If we gleaned the fragments of time, as Ruth gleaned in the fields fo Boaz; if we cherished the golden moment and the diamond second, how much more useful we could be. Duties seem to clash, but they never really do, — there is but one right thing to do at each recurring moment, if we but study to discern it.

Then we ought to grow, as the passage teaches, into the edification of love. This is the cardinal grace of Christianity, and the greatest of all. Love to God and love to fellow man sum up the law for the follower of Christ. If we have love in the heart, evil will up and away. Love will not only cast out fear, but every other demon that infests the soul. If we love God, we will serve Him and worship Him and advance His kingdom; if we love our fellow men we will be kind to them and help them and do what we can to save them.

Above all other things, then, let us endeavor to increase in love. "And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love—but the greatest of these is Love!"

CONFERENCE OF MISSIONARIES IN KOREA.

The plans for the coming Conference of Missionaries in Korea are enlisting the interest of men and women in all parts of the world. Prominent persons in other lands have accepted invitations to be present and have a part in the regualar program and in the discussions which will follow the presentation of the various papers

So wonderful have been God's blessings on the various missions in Korea since the opening of the Hermit Kingdom only twenty years ago for work by Protestant missionaries, and so many are the problems presented because of the blessings thus received, that it seems highly proper for the missionaries in Korea and the missionaries in other mission fields, and those in the home lands interested in missions to have the opportunities presented by this conference for discussion, counsel and prayer for the the work of Protestant missions in Korea and other lands.

The conference looks to a gathering not only of all the mission force in Korea and many from near-by lands, but notable speakers and workers from abroad have been invited to attend and take part.

Among those who have already promised attendance are John R. Mott, Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, Dr. Hunter Corbett, Dr. Sheffield of Peking, and Albertus Pieters of Japan.

The program as outlined at present covers one week. The following are among the subjects presented:

Monday, Sept. 19, 1904.

Papers on Evangelistic Work, History of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, History of the Australian Presbyterian Mission, Papers on Korea's Ideals, Native or Foreign.

Special Paper on the Ttraining of Bible Women, History of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, Special Paper on Missionary Work for the Blind.

History of the Northern Presbyterian Mission, Special Papers on the Y. M. C. A. Work in Korea.

Papers on the Relation of Missionaries to Matters Political. Papers on How Best to Develop the Native Consciousness of Sin.

Arrangements have been made to issue the proceedings of the conference in book form, and any correspondence in regard to this or in any way relating to the conference may be addressed to the general secretary, Dr. C. C. Vinton, Seoul, Korea.

EASTSIDE CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

Twenty members united with the church at the last Communion service,—all by letter except three. Good congregations attend both the morning and evening services. Pastor F. S. Forbes has been giving a series of evening sermons to the young people on the lives of some of the men and women in the Old Testament. There is a large audience of young people who attend the evening services, and the object of thse biographical talks from the Old Testament Scriptures is to inspire the young people to live the life of service. A boys' club has been organized from the boys in the Sunday-school between the ages of fifteen and twenty for the purpose of self-government. The boys have organized themselves into a municipal government, with a mayor, councilmen, policemen, police judge, city attorney, and other officers common to a city government. At each meeting of the club some question is considered which pertains to the economical or moral welfare of the city. By a vote of four to one, these young Americans voted to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in their city.

After the boys have become familiar with the methods of municipal government, they will organize a State government, and later a national government, electing such officers and passing such laws as come under the authority of these two branches of government. To become a member of this club, it is necessary for a boy to become a member of the Sunday-school. It is not only a means of bringing some boys into the Sunday-school who otherwise would not be there, but it holds them in the school at an age when the average boy is too apt to drop out.

A Junior Church has been organized in the Sunday-school, with children between the ages of ten and fifteen. It has a Covenant, and officers which correspond to the officers of the older church. It meets the half hour before the Sunday-school, with order of service similar to the regular church service. A short sermon is given; the music is lead by an orchestra composed of the boys and girls of the Sunday-school, and the collection is taken by the boy ushers. The membership of this Junior Church is now about seventy, and the attendance is usually more than a hundred At the age of fifteen, the boys and girls who have been true to the Covenant in this young church will be

received by letter into the older church. There are two things about this Junior Church which are not usually found in the older churches: one is that it has more male than female members; and the other, that it has more money than it knows what to do with.

Mr. G. T. Hanley, a Sunday-school man by nature as well as by training, is the efficient Superintendent, and under his work the school is becoming one of the strongest of our schools in Southern California.

CHURCH NEWS.

California.

San Francisco, Third Church.—The Onward Club held Christmas exercises on Thursday night. The pastor was presented with some solid silver table ware. On Sunday a. m., Rev. Wm. Rader preached on "The Fullness of Time" and "The Man on the Red Horse," being the last in the series on the prophets.

Oroville.—At the annual meeting of the Oroville church, held December 9th, nearly all the old officers were elected, excepting that of clerk and chorister. The Treasurer's Report showed that the finances of the church are in a prosperous condition, and it was voted to increase the salary of the pastor, Rev. R. K. Ham, five dollars more a month, beginning with the first of the year.

Campbell.—We have recently had a fellowship meeting of the near-by churches in Santa Clara Valley that was of great interest and helpfulness. Rev. Mr. Knodell, of Santa Cruz, and Rev. W. H. Atkinson, of San Rafael, were present with us also. Our former beloved pastor, Dr. Wm. Windsor, came to this valley about fifteen years ago, under strict orders of the doctor not to preach any more. He has been at it now for fifteen years. He organized the church and was its pastor for over fourteen years. And now he has started vesper services in the school-house near his home, with a Sunday-school in which Catholics as well as Protestants, join.

Washington.

Kirkland, Wash.—The pastor, the Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, has been giving a series of talks to his morning congregation on "Steps Into the Kingdom." The topics treated were: (1) Knowledge, (2) Meditation, (3) Prayer, (4) Service, (5) Love of the Beautiful. The series were greatly appreciated, and a desire was expressed to have them printed in book-form. The church is to be congratulated on having such an energetic Woman's Church Club. This week the club gave an entertainment and a fair, which was a literary, social and financial success.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The address of Rev. C. C. Cragin is Campbell, Cal.

Mrs. Frank N. Greeley has recently gone East for an absence of several months, planning to spend the holidays with her son, Prof. Arthur W. Greeley at St. Louis. Later, she expects to visit her younger son at New Haven, Conn., and various friends and relatives on the Atlantic Coast.

San Jose church is starting out with fine promise, under the leadership of our new pastor, Rev. Wm. T. Patchell. Our auditorium is too small to accommodate all pleasantly who attend morning service. With a united church and an earnest and enthusiastic pastor, we look forward with hope for good results.

The Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

The First Congregational church at Lakeside, Chelan county, have erected a fine stone edifice, which is very much to the credit of the little band and to the larger company of citizens who have aided in making up so much of the money expended upon it. The building with the lot upon which it stands has cost a very little less than $2,400. They have the pledge of the C. c. B. S. for $500, but when the date of the dedication came $405 had yet to be raised. Supts. Scudder and Greene were present on that occasion, December 13th. Sermons were preached in the forenoon by the latter and in the evening by Supt. Scudder. While at the dedication service in the afternoon both participated with addresses and in the money raising. The church will seat nearly three hundred persons and is an ornament to the town. This has been built while the church was without a pastor and for a large share of the time without even a supply for their pulpit. We do not know of a church in the entire State which has done better under existing conditions than has this. When the funds from the Building Society arrive the entire indebtedness will be covered.

A very interesting recognition council, in obedience to letters missive assembled in the partially completed edifice of the Oaklake Congregational church, which is located about one and a half miles north of Seattle city limits and about two or more miles north of the Greenlake church. This church made its preliminary organization about one year ago, but being busy with its building, that it might have shelter independent of the public school house, the convening of a council was deferred until now. It was assembled on the 15th inst. at half past three o'clock and was represented by pastor or delegate from every Congregational church in the city, as also from West Seattle. Revs. Samuel Greene, W. W. Scudder, Jr., and Harry W. Young were also members in attendance.

Rev. Samuel Greene was chosen moderator and Rev. L. S. Woods of Taylor church as scribe.

The large number of young men and women present at the exercises indicated plainly the need of the church (for it is the only one) in the locality. The records atested to the fact that the church had been organized in an orderly manner and had adopted the council manual for a Congregational church for its manual of business and the creed of 1883 as the general standard of its teachings. It was given the unanimous vote of the council and was formally recognized at an evening session. Rev. H. E. Mills of the Edgwater church giving the right hand of fellowship, Rev. Harry W. Young an address to the church and Rev. Dr. Temple of Plymouth church an address on Congregationalism. For the supper hour the ladies had prepared a bountiful repast of great variety, for which the hearty thanks of the council were given.

The Puget Sound Congregational Club met for its Forefathers' meeting on the 16th inst. at Pilgrim church parlors. A more than usual number were in attendance. President F. S. Stocking, Esq., of Tacoma, was in the chair. After partaking of the bounteous refreshments provided by the ladies of the church,

new members were voted and the names of eight or ten others were nominnated for membership. The outlook paper was prepared by Rev. E. T. Ford of Tacoma and at his request some items of new interest in church circles of the Northwestern Association were added by Revs. Samuel Greene, R. B. Hasrell, C. L. Means and others.

The principal addresses of the evening was given by President Gault of Whitworth College, Tacoma, and was listened to with eager interesa.

The committee having the matter in hand of the Pacific Coast Missionary Calendar for 1904 wish to announce that the sample calendars will be sent out during the present week to the pastors of each church in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, California and Nevada, accompanied with a circular letter advising where and from whom the calendars can be obtained. This is a great improvement upon the Washington calendar of 1903 and is in itself a thing of beauty.

Seattle, Dec. 19th.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

F. H. Spearman.

In a book generously and beautifully made, Mr. Forrest Crissey has told the story of "The Country Boy." Published by Fleming H. Revell & Company, the volume is so shapely and the cover so inviting that it draws instant sympathy to the straw-hatted, blue-trousered, cotton-shirted country boy whose story it tells. "The Country Boy" means of course the American country boy; the boy of wide eyes, browned cheeks and day dreams. He is more than likely to be barefooted; he is usually backed by a patch that is amply large and frequently he can muster but one suspender. In one thing only is he rich—in that which no rebuff, no sorrow, nothing but years can rob him of; and that which the money he will get and the fame he will win can never restore to him—dreams.

What makes the life of a boy always fresh and good to read about? It is because it is the life of dreams. Dreams make the poor country boy rich and the rich city boy poor, for the city boy never learns to live on solitude and loneliness—the food of dreams.

This is the magic with which Mr. Crissey has made so exquisitely fine a picture in his boy, Harlow. The book, written out of the humor, the roguery, the laughter, the unconscious pathos of other years brings straight to the heart of the boy of thirty years or of forty or sixty years the dreams of his own life, and he sees himself, after the storms and struggles of manhood, long forgotten, brought suddenly, startlingly forth—his very self. The sun, the clouds, the woods, a pasture gate, the sky are in this book and with the boy we dream again. We see lions by the wayside, wait chilled in the snow for the everlasting sap to sugar, and behold in the new teacher a woman so breathlessly lovely that even yet it is hard to understand why every one did not get down on their knees, as the country boy always did on his, and worship her. It is all in this boy, Harlow—the boy that men will love to read about because he is what they once were but can never be again. And women will read of this boy because here is their future lover in all his pin feathers and with his long neck and his curious squawk; but he is today, just the same, the American woman's best and truest lover, because he was once an American boy.

In the fewest possible words, sketched sometimes like silhouettes, carved again like cameos, scene after scene follow and chord upon chord are touched upon in the boy's life. Here are his friends whom we love, the off-ox, the hired man resourceful as Robinson Crusoe and strong as Julius Caesar; the freckle-faced girl he loved and, best of all, his mother. And his enemies whom we detest are here, too—in especial that unspeakable brute who has always been and always will be capable of cruelty to a boy. He is there, too; we cannot wholly forget him; but we love rather to think of those dear hearts that Harlow loved and who, in turn, were always kind to the country boy.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

District Meeting of Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties.

Bright and early on the morning of December 2, 1903, four of the ladies of the Missionary Society of the Congregational church of Santa Barbara wended their way to the depot to take the 6:10 train to Saticoy, to attend the District Convention of the three societies of Station B——, Ventura and Saticoy. They were met by the pastor, and conducted to the home of one of the ladies, who welcomed them and provided hot coffee for their comfort. At ten o'clock thirteen ladies drove over from Ventura, and all gathered at the church. The meeting was opened by devotional exercises, led by Mrs. Sheldon, President of the district. After reports from the three societies had been given, the foreign work was taken up. The papers on Africa, India and Japan were interesting. There was also a paper read from one of the Japanese in Santa Barbara, telling of his conversion nd his being led into the work.

and his being led into the work. A symposium on the question, What is the crying need of the day for forwarding Christian Work? was opened with a paper by Mrs. Howe of Santa Barbara. After noontide prayer we adjourned for a social hour and a delicious lunch was served by the ladies of Saticoy.

At 2 p. m., the program for Home Work was taken up. Devotional exercises were led by Mrs. Queen of Ventura. Good papers on "Work in Alaska" and on "Work among the Indians" were read. Several ladies spoke upon the work among the Chinese. The work carried on in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines was reported by four speakers.

The session closed with an excellent paper on the subject, "What Made One Missionary Society Interesting." The meetings, both in the morning and afternoon, were well attended. All felt that we had had a good sesion together. These meetings are alays enjoyable and helpful, the only drawback in our district being the unfortunate train time, which we hope will be remedied ere long.

PRESENT CONDITIONS IN NORTH CHINA.

In a recent letter from Dr. Ament, in reference to the present situation in China, he writes as follows:

"With a large degree of certainty, it may be said that a silent revolution is in progress in China. By the outbreak of 1900, the scales fell from the eyes of thousands, if not millions of people, who see men as trees walking, and who do not exactly realize what has happened. This incoming of light is not peculiar to the common people, but has reached the official class. Aware of the fact that the old ruts must be abandoned, the great problem before the literary man is

how to secure the benefits of western learning without compromising themselves in any way with western religion. So, the study of arithmetic, geography and western languages is popular, but the desire to avoid relations with foreigners is sometimes stronger still. Books for the new learning are purchased in Japan, from which the Japanese have carefully excluded every sign or flavor of the Christian religion. Some are beginning to see now that the missionaries in their schools are giving a genuine education at less expense. The leaven of the new life is working, and though it indicates no turning to the Christian religion, we look to it as a preparation for the better time coming."

Mr. Stelle writes from Peking:

"No one knows what is the government's real attitude towards foreigners and all thought from outside, including religion. It may be true that there is no government in China, in the sense that we think of an organized government, and much less a foreign policy clearly defined and steadily carried out. The people at present think that the attitude of the government towards things foreign is favorable; and so far as we are concerned, this is all that we could desire for immediate opportunity. For the preaching of the gospel there is a present open door on every hand, as the people generally are not only willing to hear, but are interested and eager to hear. No one can say what the conditions will be to-morrow, but to-day they are most favorable for our purpose, and for this we may well give thanks and work now as intensely as we can."

WEEK OF PRAYER TOPICS.

Suggested by the Evangelical Alliance.

Sunday, January 3, 1904.—SERMONS.
THE KINGDOM OF GOD:—and the conditions of its Triumphant Advance.
Thy Kingdom Come.—Matt. vi: 10.

Monday, January 4.—THE WARRANT, THE PRIVILEGE, THE POWER, OF PRAYER:—and the Present Need of World-wide Intercession.

Juesday, January 5.—THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: the One Body of Believers, called of God to Win the World to Christ.

Wednesday, January 6.—ALL NATIONS AND PEOPLES:—The One Human Family, loved of God.

Thursday, January 7.—MISSIONS, HOME AND FOREIGN:—Departments of the one Evangelizing Effort, under the one great Commission.

Friday, January 8.—THE FAMILY:—a Divinely Prepared Foundation of Society's Existence and Well-being.
THE SCHOOL:—called of God as a Prime Agency of Moral and Intellectual Training.

Saturday, January 9.—THE ENTHRONEMENT OF CHRIST ON EARTH:—the only Hope of Humanity's Highest Welfare.

Sunday, January 10.—SERMONS.
THE HOLY SPIRIT, GOD'S FREE GIFT.
If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?—Luke ii: 13.

MRS. A. B. GOVE.

In the recent death of Mrs. A. B. Gove of Oakland the Christian forces of San Francisco and vicinity, and indeed those of the entire Coast, have suffered a distinct loss. For many years she has been closely identified with our best undertakings, and given to the counsel of a wise heart and the rich accomplishment of deft and tireless hands. Nearly twenty years a communicant of the First Congregational church of Oakland and previously of one of our churches in San Francisco, she has contributed valuably to both church and kingdom.

While busy in many important ways, one of her chief interests—that perhaps which has lain nearest to her heart—connected itself with work for the prisoners, at San Quentin chiefly, but also at Folsom and also those in city prisons. For years she statedly visited San Quentin, conducting Sabbath services in conjunction with the chaplain, besides holding Bible classes and personal conferences with many of the prisoners. She became familiarly known among a large class of the convicts as "Mother Gove," was hailed as their best friend and benefactor and held by many of them in a very strong affection.

In gratitude of her kindly ministrations a touching tribute to her memory has been prepared by one of their number and subscribed to by a large list of names. This was presented to Mrs. J. H. Merrall, Mrs. Gove's daughter. The readers of The Pacific will be interested in some of the expressions: "The inmates of this institution all join me in this tribute to the memory of our dear departed friend and benefactor, Mrs. A. B. Gove, better known among the prisoners as "Mother Gove."

"It is a stunning blow to those who are isolated as we are to receive the news of the death of one of our dearest friends. * * * The long years she labored among us with such untiring love and devotion are fresh in our minds and neither time nor eternity can ever erase them from our memory. Many a man has gone out of this place a better man through her motherly advice and Christian example. We feel we must speak a word of praise, of hope and consolation * * * Another life of love is now a blessed memory, a lingering strain of music. The loving "Mother," the sincere and devoted friend, who with tender faithfulness discharged the duties of her life has reached her journey's end. A braver or more devout spirit has never passed from life to enrich the realms of death. Her life was gentle and her death sublime. She loved the good and all the good loved her. * * * All honor to her sacred memory. May the memory of her life and devotion to a great cause be ever kept green in the hearts of her surviving friends."

DIED.

At Sebastopol, December 16, 1903, Mr. F. W. Gill, a prominent member of the Congregational church. The funeral, on Friday, was conducted by the pastor, assisted by Revs. Wm. Rogers and C. C. Kirtland, former pastors. All spoke highly of his worth and helpfulness.

The only final comfort is God, and he relieves the soul always in its suffering, not from its suffering—nay, he relieves the soul by its suffering, by the new knowledge and possession of himself which could only come through that atmosphere of pain.—Phillips Brooks.

Our Boys and Girls.

An Orphan's Christmas.

Poor, motherless boy! How cold and hungry he was that cold, snowy morning!

No home, no mother, no father, no place to go, while all around him seemed so bright and gay—happy children running here and there in pursuit of something more pleasant. Still none seemed to notice him.

A great temptation was thrown in his way, however, for a lady hurriedly passing down the street had dropped her purse. None but the orphan lad took any notice, seemingly, and springing forward he eagerly grasped the full sides as if it were so hard, so hard, for him to return it to its lawful owner.

"Why should I return it? I found it," whispered an evil voice. "You have had nothing to eat for many days, and, furthermore, 'tisn't very pleasant sleeping in old outhouses. I shall keep it!" he exclaimed.

"But it is not yours. You know whose it is. Don't yield, for what would your dead mother think?" his better nature prompted.

At that thought he wheeled around and hurriedly pursued the lady, but nowhere was she to be found. Out one business department into another he sought her, in trembling anxiety lest he be persuaded to keep the money. "And what would your dead mother think?" rang tormentingly in his ears.

In his preoccupied haste the lad failed to note that he was being followed, to say nothing of being watched.

As his follower neared him the boy turned and eyed him critically, and as the man asked his trouble the lad's eyes opened wide in such bitter distress, for he hoped to find in this proud man of the world a sympathetic listener. When the lad's story had been patiently listened to the man exclaimed: "Why, my boy, isn't that my purse?"

"Oh, no, sir; I saw this lady drop it."

"But, see here, my boy, let me look at it and maybe I can give you some information as to its owner."

"I can't trust you, sir, for just now you would have taken it as yours. No, I thank you; but think I may find her myself."

"But before you go, won't you tell me your name and age?"

"My name, sir, is Philbrooke McArthur—"

"Philbrooke McArthur!"

"Why, yes. I am called Phil for short," he said, looking at his companion in a dazed sort of manner.

"Are you sick, sir? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, no; but your age; and have you parents living. I am fourteen years of age. Neither mother nor father is living—but, sir, I didn't steal that purse. I did not!" exclaimed the orphan, as he stood horrified, gazing at the man as he wrote something in a memorandum.

Hurriedly placing the book in his pocket, the man turned to go, saying as he did so:

"Here, Philbrooke, take this, and come to my office at exactly 5 o'clock this evening, and, too, I think if you'll call around at No. 58 on Christopher street, you will find the owner of that purse."

Before the boy could sufficiently compose himself to offer his thanks, the gentleman had turned the corner and was out of sight.

In Phil's hand lay a bright new dollar, a thing seen so seldom by the orphan child he seemed almost stunned by the receipt of such immense wealth. He gazed long and eagerly at it, as if he would never move, so rooted to the place he seemed to be.

Returning the purse, Phil turned to leave, but so overcome was the woman by such honesty that she actually offered him half the contents, but proudly turning, he said:

"I only did my duty, and had rather not take the money. Many thanks, however."

Lifting his cap he walked away, lighthearted and free.

"How proud his mother must be of him!" she said, as his retreating form was lost to sight.

At noon her nephew was told of all that passed between them. He quietly handed her a memorandum leaf, on which she read:

"Philbrooke McArthur, aged 14 years; no mother."

She screamed as she saw the end. Gently swaying back and forth, she moaned:

"Helen McArthur! Oh, Helen!"

Ten long years have passed since Phil McArthur called at an office and received orders to go where he was taken and do as he was bidden.

His place had been to a well-equipped school, where all books had been paid for, his tuition and all his debts were, by some unknown hand, already paid. He asked but few questions, for those were not answered. He did not have many idle moments, for his was to him money received with interest. But today he was through; he had come through with college honors; he was the school idol.

He was at a loss to know what he must do till his old professor told him to return to his native city to the man who had bidden "go where he was ordered; do as he was bidden."

As quick as a flash he saw for the first time who this "ministering angel" was.

The train at last stopped, and there he was standing face to face with the man who had done all for him.

His voice had a welcome ring in it as he cried:

"Welcome home, Phil! Come, let me congratulate you, old boy! I've kept up continually with your progress. I'm proud of you! Indeed I am." We'll spend a happy Christmas here, all of us. Come, kiss your old aunt, Philbrooke, and say you are glad to see the father whom you thought dead!"

We leave father and son in a long embrace, and merely join their happy Christmas greetings.—Josephine Griffin, in Texas Christian Advocate.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The Toy Makers.

Hans and Gretchen sat side by side at a bench in the living room of the little home perched among the mountains of Southern Germany. Hans held a knife and a partly carved block of wood, and Gretchen was bending over a box of paints and making funny little flowers on a set of small wooden dishes.

"Wouldn't you like to see one of the beautiful big stores where our toys are sold?" Gretchen asked suddenly, looking at Hans.

"My, but I would, though," answered the boy, looking up with shining eyes. "The stranger who passed through our village told me more about them last night," he added, and Gretchen exclaimed eagerly, "Oh, do tell me."

"He said," answered Hans slowly, "that after the dealer buys the toys of father, and of many other men who bring them to him as father does, he packs them in boxes and places them on a great ship which carries them across the ocean to America. And then they are put in stores which are more beautiful than we can im-

agine, and the people come and look at them, and buy them for their girls and boys at Christmas time."

Hans had kept on carving while he talked, and now it was plain to be seen that the block of wood upon which he was working was to become a cow, a very solid, squarely-built cow. And Gretchen had worked on steadily while she listened, and the roses had blossomed on a teapot and on a set of squatty, honest looking little cups.

"Wouldn't it seem funny," she said, "to go into one of those beautiful stores the traveler told us about, and to see our own toys there. I can't make it seem true at all."

"He told how gay the stores are at Christmas time," Hans continued, "and how the American girls and boys visit them and look at the toys and wish that Santa Claus would bring them this and that."

"Work on, children," their mother called to them cheerily from the opposite side of the room. "Father will soon have to pack the kipper and take his long journey over the mountains to market, and we must have everything ready for him, so he can bring us home some clothing and food for the winter."

Hans and Gretchen went to work more earnestly than ever, for the more toys there were packed away in the kipper, the more comfort they should have during the cold wintry months that were to come.

Over on her side of the room, their mother was glueing a woolly covering on one of the sheep which Hans had carved, and near by stood the lathe on which their father had turned the wooden dishes which Gretchen was painting. On a corner of the bench stood a fine wooden cart, complete in every detail, and made with as much care as though it were really to be used for hauling the farmer's products to market. This was the work of the older brother's hands, and to the cart was hitched a splendid pair of horses which had been carved by the same big brother from one block of wood. He was a famous carver and his work brought good prices at the market; and Hans, as he worked away at his cows and sheep, hoped that some day he might be able to do such carving as Fritz could do, and make horses that seemed just ready to step. And so he did his very best with the work that was given him to do, and tried to make each piece a little better than the last. And he thought much of what the traveler had told him, that the German toys were liked because they lasted so well, and that this was because they were honestly and carefully made.

A few days after, Hans and Gretchen stood eagerly watching their father and Fritz as they packed the finished toys into the kipper, the light wooden cage or basket, divided into tiers, one above another, in which the different kinds of toys were placed. When all were in order Fritz lifted the kipper, placed its flat wooden side against his father's back and passed the straps by which it was to be carried, over his shoulders. The load was a big one, but as all the toys were made of wood, it was not heavy, and they all wished the father "Good speed," as he started briskly off on his long journey over the mountain roads.

And as Hans went back to his work he began to dream wonderful dreams of the time when he should be a man and he and Gretchen should visit the distant lands to which their toys journeyed every Christmas time, and of which the traveler had told them.—Julian D. Cowles in "The Housekeeper."

The Iron Reindeer.

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I'm up to date, and, be it said,
I certainly, this year,
Shall break and burn the ancient sled,
And cook the ancient deer;
Those things are out of date for me,—
They're now a shattered dream,
Oh, I'm as happy as can be
About my brand new scheme.

Full soon across the boundless plain,
Beneath the Christmas stars,
I'm going to travel on my train
Made up of baggage cars;
And they'll be simply stuffed with toys
And other precious things,
For little girls and little boys
For whom I spread my wings.

Oh, yes, in jig time, down the track
I'll gayly glide along,
From home across the land and back
To fill all hearts with song:
And, to my agent at each town,
I'll toss a bundle great
Each artless child with joy to crown
And make its heart elate.

I'll run along on schedule time,
Through windswept drifts of snow;
My bell shall be the Christmas chime
That sets all hearts aglow;
And I shall call, and not in vain,
While stockingward I head.
My mile-a-minute-flying train,
"The Christmas Limited."

The train's made up; already, I
Am getting up the steam,
While piling in the cars sky-high
The gifts of which you dream.
With joy I stand upon my head
And shout both far and near:
"Good-bye unto the ancient sled!
All hail the iron deer!"

—R. K. Munkittrick in the December "Success."

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One moment for a thought of God! How full of refreshing and reinvigorating possibilities is such a thought. We are sustained by his might, shielded by his wing, and working for the accomplishment of his purpose. Such a thought will steady the soul, and if the needle of our purpose has trembled from the pole-star of his grace, the moment's pause will rectify the compass.

One moment for prayer! What a source of pleasure and health is in a breath of fresh air. The lungs rejoice in it and a thrill of health passes through the whole body. The very brain becomes clearer. Prayer is to the soul what fresh air is to the body. It thrills with life as the clear, bracing air of communion passes through it. Its age brightens and its life expands. All untold possibility lies in one moment of renewed consecration. "Heaven comes down our souls to greet and glory crowns the mercy seat."

One moment for a thought of home! We know many men in business to whom each spare moment comes for a benediction, for it is filled with a thought of home, wife, and little one. The man seems to leave his immediate surroundings and, annihilating space, he is at home, surrounded by its love and gladness. One moment may be filled with the thought of the soul's home. If we will have it so, one spare moment may lift us to the general assembly and Church of the firstborn, and set us in the presence of Jesus, the lover of our souls. All heaven is around us, and in celestial company the heart warms with a gladness not known before.

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